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THE CIRCULATION OF The Evening World

ON FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

WAS PRECISELY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no special public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 Copies.

A SCHEME THAT DID NOT WORK.

Alderman CARLIN flew into a rage yesterday because MAYOR GRANT refused to lend himself to a grab-scheme to secure Jerome avenue road for the purposes of a doubtful street-car line.

The Mayor was in the right. Jerome avenue is almost the only pleasure drive left in that part of the city. Still, its surrender might be permissible were there the slightest reason for it. There is none. The streets opening into it are few, and the population to be benefited by a railway is very thin—infinitesimal compared with the number that so find pleasure in driving there.

Mayor GRANT saw that it was merely a rush to gain control of what may prove the approach to the World's Fair grounds. He had in mind the fact that the Southern Boulevard was grabbed in just the same fashion. He knew that no thorough or efficient railway service would be provided, and was unwilling to sacrifice the drive to a job.

Furthermore, the Mayor may have meant, and wisely, to curb the blatant genius of Mr. CARLIN, who is developing strong blather-skite tendencies, and makes the bones of every one else "wax old through his roaring all day long."

Yes, Mr. CARLIN, as you say, "Jerome avenue road must go, but not just now, and not to you or your friends. You say you'll spoil it for driving, any way. Go ahead with that public-spirited plan."

We'll make sure, first, that a railroad is needed there, and then that it will be built.

PLUCK THAT WINS.

NED HANLAN knows what he is talking about. Canadian as he is, he says frankly there is no one now capable of coming within even a reasonable distance of beating SEARLE. Then he adds: "He is, without question, the coolest and most collected carman I have ever seen in a race."

That is the man in the cockpit. NED HANLAN knows that "heart" is half a boat race, as it is of any other struggle. The man who isn't game on the mark is already beaten in a contest with an equal.

If Mr. COURTNEY, of Union Springs, had possessed more of that essential and altogether enviable quality of "heart," the world's championship, in all likelihood, would never have gone out of New York State unto this day.

GRIPMAN BEN.

President HARRISON is in the selfsame fix as was ALFRED FOAGARTY, gripman on the Harlem cable car, who found when he tried to slow up at Third avenue yesterday that the grip wouldn't let go the cable. It hustled him along at a merry rate, and all he could do was to ride and trust in God.

Gripman HARRISON can't let go of Cable TANNER, either, and if his runaway does not end as FOAGARTY's did, in a smash-up, then the divine influences which, according to WANAMAKER, secured Ben his job are still operative.

WHERE WILL IT END?

PADDY DIVVER is the boss ioculist of the times. Not content with changing Chatham street to Park Row he wants to disguise time-honored Baxter street with the name of Harry Howard street. Arise, some New Yorker with respect for history and tradition, and curb this rampant man.

If DIVVER is let run the good old titles will vanish from Manhattan's cosmology, and we shall be as fresh as Chicago, which Heaven forbend.

TURN ABOUT.

GRAHAM, the barrel plunger of Niagara, who is now "freaking it" in a museum, threatens a libel suit against the Buffalo News because it didn't believe he went over the falls in his tin. If GRAHAM could get judgments against all the incredulous, he would be rich enough to buy the Falls for himself and Broome. The News might retaliate upon this "aggregation" of death defiers by suing Broome for obtaining advertising under false pretenses.

If there wasn't some good now and then in wagging tongues there would be no place in the world. A lot of neighborhood gossip in

Pittsburg prompted the Coroner to stop the funeral of MARY FITZGERALD, and investigation showed that she had been murdered. Gossip away, ladies, it may be of some use and its heaps of fun for you.

IMPOSITIONS.

Has Judge BOOKSTAVEN gone into permanent retirement on the Yellowstones? If so, it is to be hoped there will be nothing there to "impose upon" him—nothing heavier than a mountain.

He seems to have lost all interest in the latest "imposition" to which he was subjected, but, strangely, the public cannot forget that Sheriff FLACK and his pals imposed upon it as well.

Come home, Judge, and help punish their impertinence.

The Finance Committee of the World's Fair has sat brooding long enough to hatch a magnificent plan, and a certain one. But the best of it is, they say the shell is broken. The knowledge of that plan is all New York needs to make Chicago's pretensions look sick and tired. Give it to us, gentlemen.

A London paper says the lost books of Euclid have been found, in Sanscrit translation, at Jeyore, in India. Only the school-boys of preceding generations can know what a shocking piece of news this is for those of succeeding ones. Euclid was big enough and had enough before.

And now in Berlin they accuse young German WILHELM of a prolonged attack of D. T., colloquially known as Jims. Well, his neighbors must know. His penchant for fight has been noticeable, but we didn't suspect that snakes were the objects of his beligerence.

FANCIES.

There are 275 women preachers in the United States. The women lecturers haven't been counted yet.

The depravity of a soda-water bottle is exposed this morning. For months he had been selling lager under the innocent label of ginger pop.

St. Petersburg folk have to be careful about their new of woe. Yesterday the entire bench of judges there were arrested for using the German language instead of Russian.

Mrs. Michael Schilling consulted a Reading fortune-teller ten days ago and is now a raving maniac. She is not the only person whom fortune-tellers have made mad.

What, change the name of Baxter street to Harry Howard street? Perish the thought.

Our consuls had best be careful. Here's one at Colon who reports yellow fever on an American steamer, and for his pains is reported by the owners to the Secretary of State.

When in her bathing suit beside the ocean's shore she sits, Her eyes are enough to strike, And high, too, at the skirts.

When for the ball the girls maid Her person doth bedeck, Her eyes are longer at the skirts And lower at the neck.

—Boston Courier.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Marion Manola now dresses entirely in black, in respect to the memory of her brother. But Mrs. Manola's garb are not all black. There are black clothes and black clothes, don't you know?

Mrs. Vernon Jarbeau generally appears in a red silk jersey bodice and a skirt of a different color. Mrs. Jarbeau thinks more of the pious chateaus she wears than of the dress proper. The chateaus are much in evidence.

De Wolf Hopper on the street is hardly recognizable to those who have seen the comedian on the stage. This is due to the fact that Hopper invariably plays parts that require eccentric make-ups.

Mrs. Mathilde Cottrell is a very quiet, amiable little lady in private life. She has a country house at New Rochelle and spends very little time in New York. Broadway rarely sees her.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

James E. Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, is a hard worker in the interest of athletics. He devotes a good share of his time to the encouragement of less enthusiastic athletes.

William Wyck Page, who holds the record of a 44 ft. 4 in. for the running high jump, when a boy was sickly and weak. He took to jumping and bicycling in order to strengthen his legs, which were below the average in strength. The result of his efforts is known throughout the world. He is but 5 feet 7 inches in height.

Wendell Baker, class of '89, Harvard College, with a record of 10 seconds for the 100 yards, is now a member of the New York Athletic Club. Since leaving college he has not taken part in the amateur championships. He may, however, be persuaded to re-enter the athletic field.

Capt. English, of the Friendship Club, is the right man in the right place. Besides fulfilling the duties of his position, his geniality and kindly, hospitable nature make him just the man to act as chief entertainer at the many receptions and entertainments for which the Friendship Club is peculiarly noted.

"Bob" Cook, the so-called "father of college rowing," was a member of the class of '78 of Yale College. He is now treasurer of the Philadelphia Times. He is a trifle above medium height and is now considerably stouter than he was, particularly in front, which looks comfortable. He is not too fat to pull an oar, however, on occasion.

An Angel.
"I like to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,"
Jenna softly murmured,
"I'll be just like them, I'll be just like them,
Her mother called her 'Jenna,'
'Come help me with my work,'
"Do it yourself," she answered,
"Do you know I am a Turk?"
—New York Sun.

MOORE'S TERTIARY CORRELATES (revisions from text). Everybody can buy it. Price, 25 cts.

JEWEL-LOVING RUSSIANS.

THEY EVEN ADORN THEIR HOUSES AND HARNESS WITH THEM.

When the Empress is Attired in Her Semi-Barbaric Gorgeousness She Literally Reminds Us of the Russian Golconda. The Imperial Treasures Are Almost Beyond Calculation.

Perhaps if the Empress of Russia had to make her own bonnets when a girl she got enough of the millinery trade then and really prefers crowns. There is no monarch in Europe who surpasses her in magnificence of attire, which is semi-barbaric in its gorgeousness, and at the state balls she is literally a walking Golconda, says a correspondent of the Indianapolis News. The nearest approach to her splendor that has been witnessed in London was the attire of the Indian Princess who attended the Queen's Jubilee.

The Queen had driven through Piccadilly very pale and stern, expecting every moment a mine to explode beneath her feet, or a bomb in Russia to be hurled from a rooftop, for there were whispers of socialist threats; her body-guard of princely descendants looked like a river of gold winding through the dark masses of the densely packed crowd on either side with their uniforms glistening in the sun—but suddenly a great cry of admiration arose from the crowd. It was the carriage of the Indian Princess which had come in sight, and now the river of gold was changed to a river of diamonds, for she was literally covered from head to foot with jewels.

As you approach the state drawing-room of the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, Empress of all the Russias, you perceive that the jewels, thickly given, are also incrustated with jewels; great emeralds, uncut, amethysts, topaz and turquoise glitter in the brilliantly lighted corridors.

The Imperial treasures are beyond calculation, but they are for use and not merely kept as the curiosities of a former age—the great antique crowns with the finest rubies and diamonds in the world, the magnificent jeweled plate is taken from the cabinets and spread for the feast.

An American politician once proudly showed us a pearl which he dug from a goblet with a penknife when official position gave him entrance to one of these scenes of splendor. Even the carriages and harness are covered with jewels.

One room in the palace is entirely lined with amber, walls, ceilings, columns, doors, everything—the frieze, elaborately carved, being Roman arabesque in transparent amber on an opaque ground. The capitals of the pillars are inlaid with topaz. When the Emperor and Empress dine, the table is covered with gold and silver embroidery, topaz and yellow diamonds.

The Russians adore jewels. The court ladies have the most wonderful pearls, while the twenty-five Grand Dukes with their splendid uniforms and foreign orders make a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle with their splendid forms and blond mustaches.

POLITICAL PERSONALS.

Alderman COWIE—There appears to be but two political divisions in this city. President Harrison names the Twenty-first Assembly District and Mayor Grant the Nineteenth.

Alderman CARLIN—Show me an election district in the Nineteenth Assembly that can't boast a Commission.

Alderman CLANCY—The only site for the World's Fair is Oriental Park and Corliss Park.

Alderman FLYNN—What's the matter with the Battery?

Alderman DIVER—Are you forgetting Mulberry Bend and Jimmy Oliver's Paradise?

Warrent Clark David Ryan, of the Mayor's office, carries his left hand in a very unorthodox manner just now. His fellow-clerks unkindly suggest that this is because of the presence of a blazing brilliant on his left hand.

Mayor's Officer Tom Clifford modestly wears his diamond in his trousers pocket.

General Russell A. Alger, who has been at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with his wife, left for his home in Detroit to-day.

One of the most intimate friends of the late Congressman Cox was Julius Harburger, Clerk of the First District Court and President of the Stevedores Association. His last letter was written to Mr. Harburger concerning the lecture he was to have delivered before the Stevedores Association last night.

The Anti-Briberies of the Eighth District have had the temerity to push under the nose of John J. himself a list of Republicans whom they want appointed Inspectors of Election.

Police Commissioner McCalla will have to choose between their list and that of O'Brien. There is no doubt that he will go outside the district in making up his list.

Will Hans Beattie be cared for by Tammany? Wm. C. Whitney's deal to keep Tammany in line for Cleveland in return for Grant votes is said to have included an arrangement whereby his protegee, Beattie, should not suffer.

Tom C. Platt has scored another victory in the selection of Bowling Green as the site for the new Custom-House and appraisers' stores. There is no doubt that he will have gone outside the district in making up his list.

Rev. Florence Katholch, of Chicago, is one of the most eloquent preachers in the West. She is a tall, slender woman, with a fine head, and has great personal magnetism.

Vice-President Morton's Washington home will probably be the most elegantly appointed house in Washington. It will be furnished from Mr. Morton's Fifth Avenue house in this city.

The largest organ in the world has recently been built for the new London City Synagogue, New South Wales. It cost \$75,000, the largest sum ever paid for a single instrument, and it has 132 sounding stops.

Jay Gould has an orchid in his conservatory at Irvington that is valued at \$5,000.

"FERNCLIFF."

William Haworth's new domestic comedy drama, called "Ferncliff," which was given for the second time at the Union Square Theatre last night, is placed as far back as the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" could possibly reach. There is nothing even approaching novelty in the production, nor even in Mr. William Haworth's treatment of its situation.

"Ferncliff," like all plays that rely upon a stagey villain who is forever soliloquizing for the benefit of the audience and exclaiming, "I am safe. He knows nothing," is utterly imperishable, and in these enlightened days the probabilities must be considered, at least as far as a New York audience is concerned. The story of "Ferncliff" deals with the love of the extremely villainous Mr. Willard Hilton for the fair Anne, who has two bonning children and is the wife of Tom Hewitt. The war breaks out, and through the devices of the villain Tom and his brother John the forces, and, of course, Anne—idiotic Anne—is led to believe that her husband is dead. She loves him as one whose life she would give, and she is a stagey wife can love her husband, from the depths of her impetuous being. So absorbing and tumultuous is this love, in fact, that a few months after her husband's supposed death we see her about to marry the villain, who has been so kind.

Then her husband comes back and wants to kill the villain; and the brother comes back and is equally vociferous. This, of course, is the situation of the play, and you will admit that it is slightly moss-covered, though it is the best part of "Ferncliff." There are two excellent stagey stage totes, who say cute things and pray for the success of their papa and mamma, and come in to-night-gown.

The comedy in "Ferncliff" should be overhauled. Mr. William Haworth's notion of comedy is gruesome. I imagine that his idea of a jolly time would be a day spent in a cemetery. His juvenile man is an undertaker and is forever making a point about the dead. He is in love with Hattie, and exclaims, "I wonder what size coffin you would take." Isn't that an enormous utterance? Then he tries to measure her for her coffin, and is extremely humorous. Mr. Haworth is evidently one of those who believe in the evolution of a joke from a coffin. Most people will be glad to leave him in undisputed possession of this belief.

The cast of "Ferncliff" was a very fair one. The best work was that done by Miss Fanny Marsh, who played the small part of a nurse with muchunction. E. H. Vanderfeld was vigorous, while William Haworth, though at times dried, was very effective in the third act. T. J. Herndon, who was in senile tears from the beginning of the play till the curtain fell, was singularly unpleasant to me, and he was made up like the burlesque old gentleman in Dixey's "Adonis," who told the story beginning "Twenty years ago." Miss Rebecca Warren is a very pretty girl, but needs toning down a little for the stage.

ALAN DALE.

BERRY WALL'S "SABBATH CALM."

Chicago's Boss Corcoran Mixer Taught How to Make It.

E. Berry Wall is in town, says the Chicago Herald. Mr. Wall is variously known as the king of the dukes, as the possessor of at least one hundred and fifty pairs of parti-colored pants, as the belligerent agent for a champagne house, and as the "inventor" of a new drink known as "The Sabbath Calm." This new drink he introduced some time ago in New York, and it is recognized far and near as the greatest achievement of his life.

A few days ago two New Yorkers entered Clayton's place and asked Dave Clayton, who was on duty at the time, for a Sabbath calm and a cocktail. Dave was well up in the latter drink, but had to confess ignorance as to the meaning of the former. But he was not to be bluffed.

"It's a new one on me," he said, "but I'll make it if you'll tell me how."

The New Yorker then gave the necessary directions, which Dave followed out to the letter. He said: "Take your largest mixing glass and put in two spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Now mix the glass and pour in a little gin. Fill the glass with ice. Put in a pony of good brandy, a pony of black coffee, a pony of port wine and a pony of black coffee. Now break an egg into the glass and pour in some milk. Shake up the concoction and strain it off into a large glass."

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FAST FALLING TO DECAY.

BORTAL CARS ROTTING IN THEIR GAS-HOUSE SECLUSION.

Cont-But Covers the Relics of Bygone Unconformable Travel—Hurled Into Retirement by the Value of Public Opinion—They Who Used to Ride in Them and What They Endured.

There they are! And a blessing it is that they are there. Old, dilapidated, dragged, the marks of their long journey through life written in the simple legend of decay on their worn-out frames, laid by amid the grime of unsympathetic coal-bins, the cheerless wind from the pier into the car and glare around. It was only the poor person who got out over because the driver had his attention on the fare that suffered.

Then there would be the screams and the crunching of the bones beneath the wheels, and for a moment of confusion a distressed passenger would learn that the car hadn't got off the track, but had only bowed over one more unfortunate and become a murderous old juggernaut again.

These are the memories that cluster around the old, deserted hulks of the one-horse cars that stand desolate and despaired in the atmosphere of the gas-house, with the grimy coal dust gathering on the window panes and drifting through the doors to powder the hard old seats.

Let them rot there, unwept and unangry! It is the part of not-mixed cars. May they slowly crumble into sawdust and be blown out to the river and carried to the middle of the Atlantic, and then one will feel that the one-horse car is far enough away.

Bad riders to them!

BANKER KELLY BEREAVED.

His Son Joseph Blown From a Train and Instantly Killed.

There is deep-seated grief to-day in the ordinarily happy home of Banker Eugene Kelly, at South Orange, N. J., because of the sudden and shocking death of his son Joseph T. Kelly. Young Mr. Kelly started for home yesterday afternoon from his father's office at 45 Exchange place, this city, taking the Orange and Eastern Railroad, which left at 4:30 o'clock.

The son passed into the rear car and engaged in a chat with acquaintances. His father took a seat in the middle car.

The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and just as the train was crossing the Hackensack bridge, young Kelly left his friends to go into the rear car.

He had hardly stepped out of the door when several passengers were horrified to see him pitched head foremost from the platform.

"A man has been blown off the train!" they cried.

In an instant Conductor Reed had grabbed the bell-rope and stopped the train, which was at three run back to the bridge.

Near some of the ties along the track lay the unconscious body of young Kelly. His pale, distorted face, before he could be placed in the baggage car, was a terrible sight.

He was quickly recognized, but every eye shrank from the task of looking at the terrible face of the dead man.

When the train stopped, Conductor Reed undertook the unpleasant duty.

He went to the rear of the train, touching the old gentleman on the shoulder, "will you please step forward into the baggage car? A young man has been blown from the platform and is lying there."

Mr. Kelly, who was standing in the rear of the train, stepped forward into the baggage car, and saw the face of his dead son.

His grief was pitiful. He fell on his knees beside his son and wept, then gazed silently at his features, cold as marble, and his face like rain upon the face of his dead boy.

Young Kelly was twenty-two years old, and was a student at the University of California. He was educated at Seton Hall College.

TRAPPING A MOSQUITO.

When He Sends in His Bill Hold Your Breath and He Can't Get Away.

Three or four men were sitting on the piazza of a seaside cottage smoking. It was evening. The stars were as thick in the sky as freckles on a red-headed girl's face. The waves, according to the Boston Globe, came in at high tide, and a swirl of seaweed was just as they have done ever since the second day of the creation.

More piercing than the song of the waves were the notes, and more multitudinous than the stars of heaven the number of mosquitoes that haunted the piazza, and every one of them was "looking for blood."

The men had ceased smoking for fun. They now puffed their pipes and cigars to keep the mosquitoes away.

"Something funny about mosquitoes," said one rather absent-mindedly.

"Yes, rather," was the drawing reply.

"Funnily how much blood it takes to fill one of them."

"No, but honest, now, do you know that if a mosquito get his bill down into your hand he can't pull it out while you hold your breath?"

"Don't believe it."

"It is true, however, for I have tried it."

"Let us see the cigars a mosquito can take his bill out at any time he wants to do it, and we'll try it right here. Is it a go?"

"It is, and I'll let them try." A lamp was lighted, the cigars put out and all waited. In less than a minute a mosquito was seen hovering about the lamp.

"Now," said Tom, and placed the forefinger of his right hand close to the mosquito. It did not budger. He placed his nail against the abdomen of the insect and whirled it around. Still it remained fixed.